

## Magnificent Interview

Killah Priest

I started as the heretic  
Passing Mount Everest  
On my way to the nebulas  
No food or beverages  
So I can receive the messages  
Like tornadoes spinning soundless in the boundness  
I sit in darkness, listen to the silence  
Dark fantasies, whispers of the mermaid  
As the earth fades, I'm having nostalgic dreams  
Of foothills in the countryside, palace for kings  
Below is lakes, banks, rivers, foliage near streams  
Mongolian queens, earrings, hair swings  
Red deer, courtship ceremony beneath mountain springs  
Horse whip races across the evergreen  
Alluvium forests, Natufian fathers, nutrient gardens, Nubian harvest  
Along the river delta, sit the living elders, the sister helpers  
Winter coal, pinecones, crystals in limestones  
I'm drifting through timezones  
Breathtaking mountain backdrops  
I am the black astronaut  
Staring through the eye of a barrel when it's cocked  
Then went up like an arrow shot like a sparrow  
Flying toward the sun, I wear shadow block  
Killah Priest OG last long  
Underwater sea grass lawns  
Hot deserts, I see mass ponds  
Birthday wishes, kisses  
Long walks through the ballpark  
Birds' chirps, dog barks  
It's getting cloudy, let's get home before dark  
The storm starts  
They're closing all the mall shops  
Quick, let me run inside this Walmart and buy a Hallmark  
It makes warm hearts, like love songs and soft rock  
Off top, the group Bread, 1970, "Make It With You"  
Celebs, Playboy spreads naked in pools  
Then the electric boogaloo and the infectious Rubik's Cube  
Then they brought back the groove of 1952  
Eddie Jefferson's "Moody's Mood"  
There I go, there I go, there I go, there I go  
Pretty baby, you are the soul, snaps my control  
I bare my soul, I'm aware of my role  
So I'm writing rhymes like I'm preparing a scroll  
Seductive weapons for romantic wars  
I've watched rains suspended in space while planets fall  
No church today, I'm at the Spring Street cafe  
Bread and truffle entrees  
I'm sitting with the devil, we're both having espressos  
He wore his favorites summer jacket, bright yellow  
His legs crossed, attitude was quite mellow  
He said, "Would you be so kind, dark fellow, and hand me a marshmallow?"  
We both chuckled  
Then I asked, "May you do an interview with me?"  
He said, "I'd love to"  
I pulled out my recorder, pressed record  
  
I said my name, the time and the date

He said, "Let's just skip forward"

He said, "Well, my name is Lucifer, I'm 5'8'', I love to snowboard

I love quiet nights and going on dates, cafes, and going to local stores"

He said, "I also wrote books, The Origins of Rosicrucianism, Magic Rituals, Origins of God, Advanced Metaphysics, The Life of Killah Priest And Why He Left The Music Business, Brief History on Time Travel, Theology of Star Wars, Tarot Cards, Music Stars and My Inner Peace and How I Found Happiness As The Dark Lord

Then he ordered tea with toast, butter and basil

Just then who walked in was a couple of angels

They ordered broccoli casserole satisfying the soul

Stuffed zucchini, linguini and the carrots "Do you want that sandwich or bowl?"

They handed him gold and said, "I'll take a bowl

And please add some baked spinach," then glanced at us fake grinning

Nervously I said, "Let's order some yams in pepper cups, wild rice, waters with lemons"

Then one said, "Is that the son of the morning, the son of perdition?"

Then they all disappeared like some sort of magicians

As my waitress brought my order from back of the kitchen

Startled, I looked around as she sat down the dishes

She said, "You ordered a lot, but it looks delicious"

I looked at her suspicious

She asked, "What?" I said, "Nothing," and started to smile and asked, "What time do you finish?"

She said, "I'm off in a minute," then we talked with no limits then we walked off the premise into deep thought and dimensions

She morphed into a quartz, I became salt

Dynamic transition, intuition, caduceus, the serpents begin twisting

The brain released a liquid, the tongue begins to flicken

Uncoiling then hissing

Putting ourselves in a presence to an almost claustrophobic degree

Then withdraw completely

Discard then connect with the inner god then put him in charge

Deafened by the silence but comfortable within the loudness

I back up into the branches of the olives like the Wonderland of Alice

To understand the knowledge, the son of man must balance

One hand demolished, the other hand was solid

It's all symbolic, the floors are polished, the doors no blockage

The walls are conscious, all pay homage

All aboard the rocket